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THE NOCTURNAL SEPARATION.

(Continued from Page 223.)

CAPTAIN BURDER's villainous scheme occupied my mind incessantly, and Mr. Monti daily made it a subject of conversation; but still we could not determine what course to pursue, and passed our hours in that state of irresolute anxiety during which the mind seeks an excuse for its own inactivity and want of decision, by endeavouring to convince itself that the proper time for exertion has not yet arrived. We cautiously concealed the affair from Mrs. Monti and her attendant and took care that every thing connected with our little establishment should go on in its usual routine, lest any alteration might have excited suspicion among those who were leagued against us.

Four or five evenings after Samno had made the above-mentioned communication to me, we were seated upon deck according to custom. It blew pretty fresh, and we went through the water at such a rapid rate that Mrs. Monti remarked it, and asked me, in a whisper, if vessels usually carried so much sail at night as we then did. At this moment, Captain Burder, who had been pacing the deck in an agitated manner for some time before, seized the lead, and hove it hurriedly, and continued to do so without mentioning the soundings to any one, or making any reply to the mate, who came forward, and offered to relieve him of his charge. There was a dead silence among the crew, all of whom stood near the bows of the vessel, observing their commander with expressive looks. An indistinct sensation of dread, in which I participated, appeared to steal over the individuals of our party. Mrs. Monti trembled and seized her husband's arm, and looked anxiously in his face; but he turned from her gaze without saying any thing. Samno leant against the bulwarks, and twice stepped forward, apparently with the intention of addressing some one, but each time, after a few moments' hesitation, he quietly resumed his former position.

The moon was nearly full, and we enjoyed all her light, except when a thin fleecy cloud occasionally happened to intervene, and to throw a fleeting and shadowy dimness upon the surface of the ocean. The wind, though strong, appeared unsteady, and at intervals its sighing was changed into wild and melancholy moans, which seemed to hover around the vessel for an instant, and then to be borne far over the deep. At one time we glided silently and smoothly through the billows; and at another, they burst and grumbled fiercely around the bows of the schooner, and then collapsed into comparative quietness and repose;—every thing wore an ominous and dreary character, and the scene appeared to exert a depressing influence upon the minds of all on board.

The silence was suddenly interrupted by Samno, who cried, "We are now on the Seal-bank! I see the *black heads!* The schooner will be a-ground immediately!"—"Rascal! What do you say?" returned Captain Burder, running furiously up to him; "you are a lying vagabond! Utter another word, and I will let you feel the weight of the lead upon your body."—"What can all this mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Monti, in a tone of alarm; "are we really in danger?"—"Captain Burder," cried her husband, "I command you to put about ship instantly! We know all your plans! You are a deceitful villain!—Seamen," continued he, addressing himself to the

crew, "obey this man at your peril! he intends to cast away the vessel for the insurance; if we do not resist we shall lose our lives."—"Mutinous wretch!" returned the Captain, "you speak falsely! I deny the charge! You shall repent of this yet. Yes, yes, I'll find a time. Fellows stand by me; recollect I am your commander. May I depend upon you all?"—"Ay, ay, sir, to the last," answered the sailors, though some of them spoke rather faintly and irresolutely.

Silence now ensued; and Captain Burder having thrown aside the lead, began to pace the deck hurriedly, and often cast looks of fury and defiance at Mr. Monti and me. We easily perceived that any sort of resistance on our part would be vain, and perhaps dangerous, and therefore patiently awaited the catastrophe. While he employed himself in soothing and encouraging his lady, I went down to the cabin, and collected all my valuables of small bulk, and concealed them about my person; and likewise privately desired Mr. Monti's servant to occupy herself in the same way.

In a few minutes I distinctly felt the keel of the schooner rub upon the bottom. Every one started when this took place, and then appeared to await the next shock in breathless alarm. The vessel, as was expected, soon began a second time to grind against the sand and rocks underneath, and quickly got hard and fast a-ground. Captain Burder immediately ordered the sails to be backed, but this did not move her in the least degree. The shifting of the ballast, which was next resorted to, proved ineffectual, as he probably intended it should.

Our situation now became truly alarming. There was no land in sight; but from the fore top we could discern islands stretching on every side to the horizon—those of sand being indicated by the bright green colours of the sea, and those of rock by irregular patches of blackness upon its surface. However, these beacons of danger did not long continue distinguishable, for the moon sank below the horizon, and clouds gradually overcast the sky. The wind and sea increased at the same time, and we soon began to drift along, being one moment elevated on the top of a billow, and the next dashed furiously against the bottom of the ocean. It was evident that the schooner would quickly go to pieces, and Captain Burder ordered his men to let down the boat. While they were engaged in this, a temporary dispersion of some of the clouds afforded us light enough to discern a rocky island at a little distance; and the boat had hardly been dropped when our vessel struck violently—the waves breaking over her at the same time in rapid succession.

We all rushed to the side of the schooner on which the boat lay, and leaped into her, one after another, with the exception of Mr. Monti, who, when he had assisted his wife and servant in getting on board, returned to the cabin for some papers which he had forgot. Just as he came upon deck again, a tremendous sea took the vessel astern, and swept him overboard. Mrs. Monti fainted away. Captain Burder immediately cut the barge rope, and ordered the crew to make for the island, saying, it was absurd even to think of saving my companion's life, and that we should be more than fortunate if we escaped a similar fate ourselves. The men rowed furiously, and we soon gained the land, and landed in safety, though not until the bows of the boat had been stove in by the violent percussions she underwent while we were getting ashore.

It was so dark that none of us attempted to explore the apparently isolated spot upon which we had been obliged to take refuge; and my thoughts were chiefly directed to the recovery of Mrs. Monti, who continued in a state of insensibility for a considerable time, and revived only to feel the agonizing conviction that her husband was no more. Captain Burder and his crew stood watching the schooner as she rapidly went to pieces, and had a great deal of conversation among themselves, which the noise of the sea prevented me from overhearing.

About an hour after we had landed, Sammo came running to me, and whispered, that he believed Mr. Monti was still alive, for he had recently heard some one shouting at a distance. I immediately accompanied him to a projecting point of rock, about one hundred yards off, and we both called as loud as we could. A voice, which I instantly recognized to be that of my friend, answered us; but it was some time before we were able to distinguish what he said. At last I ascertained that he had reached the shore by clinging to part of the wreck, and that he could not then gain the spot on which we stood, on account of an arm of the sea which extended into the interior of the island, but that he would immediately endeavour to find his way round the head of it. On hearing this, I entreated him to desist from any such attempt till day-light should render it a secure and successful one. He at last consented, and I hastened to Mrs. Monti, and communicated the joyful tidings of her husband's preservation, which affected her nearly as much as her previous belief in his death had done.

Long before dawn we had all assembled on the point of the rock already mentioned; and the first beams of morning shewed Mr. Monti opposite to the place where we stood, and divided from us by what appeared to be an arm of the sea, about one hundred and fifty yards wide. After exchanging a few words with his wife, he set out to compass its head, and thus got round to us, while Sammo went to him.

We waited their arrival impatiently for nearly half an hour, and then saw the negro coming towards us with looks of despair. "We are all deceived," cried he; "this is not an arm of the sea, but a channel between two distinct islands; we are on one, and Mr. Monti is on the other; he cannot possibly reach us, unless he swims across, or is brought over in a boat. What is to be done?" This intelligence filled Mrs. Monti and me with dismay, for both knew that the boat was totally unfit for service, and that her husband could not swim. Every one appeared in some measure to participate in our distress and disappointment, except Captain Burder, who, when asked if there were any means of rescuing Mr. Monti, said, that it behoved him to get across the channel as he best could.

Mr. Monti soon appeared on the opposite rock, and explained the hopelessness of his situation more fully than Sammo had done. The channel had a rapid current; the set of which, we perceived, would vary with the ebb and flow of the tide; but it was so strong that even an expert swimmer could scarcely hope to baffle its force and reach the adverse shore. No effectual plan of relief suggested itself to any of our minds; but it was evidently necessary that something should speedily be done; for though we had picked up a considerable quantity of wrecked provisions, Mr. Monti had none of any kind. We therefore saw at once that he must either risk his life upon the sea, or perish with hunger.

In the afternoon, under the influence of these convictions, he began to collect together all the pieces of plank he could find; and having torn up his shirt and handkerchief into strips, he bound the timber together, so as to form a sort of raft. This he conveyed to the utter extremity of his own island, hoping that the sweep of the current might carry him, when embarked, to the lower end of the opposite shore. These preparations were viewed with torturing suspense and anxiety by Mrs. Monti and me; and when her husband had placed himself upon the raft, she grew half frantic with alarm, and entreated him to desist. However, after a few moments of irresolution, he pushed off, and was whirled rapidly along by the stream.

None of us dared to speak, scarcely even to breathe, during this soul-absorbing crisis. Several of the crew stood upon the edge of the cliffs with ropes in their hands, waiting to afford the adventurous navigator assistance as he passed; and their hopes of being able to do so were strengthened, when they observed the influence which an

eddy had in drawing the raft towards the shore. Mr. Monti was soon within seven or eight yards of us. One of the seamen then seized the end of the rope, and made a strong effort to throw it towards the raft, but he lost his balance, and fell into the water, dragging the line along with him. The golden moment elapsed, and the object of our solicitude was quickly swept away far beyond our reach. His wife relapsed into insensibility, but not before she had seen the form of her husband receding from her eyes, and at the mercy of a boundless ocean.

The man who had the misfortune to cause this disastrous result, was allowed to clamber up the rocks quite disregarded—the attention of all being fixed upon Mr. Monti, who floated so fast into the open sea, that we perceived we had no chance of beholding him much longer. He waved his hands to us several times, with an air of resignation, but we thought we once or twice observed him endeavouring to impel the raft towards our island, by using his arms as oars, and then suddenly desist, as if conscious of the hopelessness of the attempt. Fortunately, the weather had become very calm, and he knew that there was no chance of his sinking while it continued so, and while the planks that supported him kept together. We watched him till it grew dark, and then set about providing ourselves with a place of shelter for the night; during the whole of which, Mrs. Monti, in her indescribable anguish, forgot all that had passed, and even where she was, and talked, laughed, and wept, alternately.

(To be continued.)

THE FLAGEOLET; OR, THE COTTAGE BY THE WOOD.

"This is a lamentable case," said Mrs. Gertrude Colville, speaking to a matronly attendant, with whom she was sitting near the couch of a young and interesting invalid, who had just then found a transient relief to her sufferings from slumber. "This, nurse, is a most lamentable case. Here youth, beauty, and fortune are sacrificed to the vacillating folly of a needy lordling. Disappointment, like a canker, preys on the heart of Amelia, and consigns her, at the age of seventeen, to the grave!"

"A sad case, indeed, Madam," replied nurse. "Yes,—the doctor says the disease originates in the mind, and could the cause be once removed——"

—"Ah!" returned Mrs. Gertrude, with a sagacious shake of the head, "but how is that to be performed?"

"But how happened it," asked nurse, "that the nobleman you speak of, madam, could slight a young lady possessing so large a fortune, particularly if he happened to be necessitous."

"He had no real nobility in his composition, nurse," replied Mrs. Gertrude, "a poor creature altogether. My brother," continued the communicative Mrs. Gertrude, "having amassed a considerable fortune by successful mercantile pursuits, sought repose for his declining years in an elegant retirement, where, being a widower, he fondly trusted his two daughters would smooth, by their dutiful attentions, the downhill of life."

"Miss Colville, then, has a sister," hastily interrupted nurse.

"Have patience, nurse," said Mrs. Gertrude, "and mark in silence the instability of human prospects. Maria, my eldest niece, happened, while on a visit to an acquaintance, to meet with a young officer of engaging manners, who contrived to win her affections, and asked her of her father in marriage; but my brother had a decided objection to the military character;—he peremptorily refused his sanction. The result was, that Maria listened to the importunities of Captain Willoughby, and, by accepting his hand, violated her duty to her parent, and relinquished her share of his fortune and affections."—"Dear me," how unfortunate!" cried nurse.

"On approaching to entreat her father's forgiveness, and implore a blessing," continued Mrs. Gertrude, "he not only refused both, but indignantly threw her a thousand guineas

only, as her final portion, and saw her face no more. She soon after embarked with her husband for the East Indies."—"But as she yet lives," again eagerly interrupted nurse, "she surely may succeed to her sister's wealth, should our worse fears be unhappily verified."

"Even that view is rendered abortive," said Mrs. Gertrude. "Two years have now elapsed since a friend of mine, who I privately requested to make enquiries, through the medium of an acquaintance settled in Bengal, informed me that Mrs. Maxwell assured her she beheld Mrs. Willoughby in her coffin, two babes, the fruits of her first accouchement, lying on her breast."—"Poor, poor lady!" cried nurse.

"Amelia, young as she was," continued Mrs. Gertrude, "had at that time made a conquest of the Viscount Craven. The prospect of a title for his daughter stimulated my brother's ambition; and to render the union agreeable to the old earl, who expressed some dissatisfaction at Amelia's want of noble descent, purchased an estate contiguous to his lordship's domains, which the earl had long viewed with desiring eyes, but which the embarrassed state of his finances had hitherto prevented his attaching to his hereditary property. This step proved a panacea,—the merchant's genealogy no longer wore a blemish. The earl concurred in the happy prospects of the young people; but it was first necessary that his heir should make the customary tour to the Continent. The parting of the lovers was tender;—the viscount's professions of lasting attachment were ardent, and both Amelia and her father regarded them as inviolable; but at Paris Lord Craven soon formed a connection which put those airy visions to flight.

"It happened about that period that a nobleman, with his lady, were visiting France, with a view to repair, by retrenchment, their injured finances. The noblemen, although hitherto not particularly acquainted, felt, at an accidental meeting, that kind of attraction natural to Englishmen in a foreign country, and an intimacy immediately commenced. Unfortunately Lord Doleby continued to indulge a propensity to gaming, which had already impaired his fortune, and fell in a duel, contesting a point of honour, with a gambler of equal rank with himself. Lady Doleby was yet young, handsome, and highly accomplished. Her distress at the fatal accident surpassed description. Lord Craven, who had accompanied her late husband to the field in quality of second, offered his friendly condolence, but the lady rejected all consolation. She wept the loss she had sustained with tears which she vowed should flow for ever, and determined on devoting her days to utter seclusion in a nunnery. Lord Craven grieved, probably, that one of his fairest country women should thus consign herself to despair in hopeless solitude, employed all his eloquence to dissuade her from her purpose, but in vain; an asylum was fixed on, the portals of which were soon to close on her for life. Lord Craven, her now most attached friend, was allowed to attend her to her last retreat. Seated in her ladyship's carriage together, they approached the hallowed walls. She turned her tearful eyes on the dark structure,—an awful and solemn stillness prevailed. The fair devotee shuddered. Lord Craven marked the sudden paleness which overspread her features as she instinctively turned from contemplating the gloom that encompassed the building. 'And can you,' he cried, 'persist in a sacrifice surpassing any yet effected even by a widowed Indian?' The lady burst into tears, and threw herself into the arms of Lord Craven, who, pressing her to his breast in all the enthusiasm of friendship, ordered the postillion to drive to Lady Doleby's Hotel. The following evening they were united in indissoluble bonds.

Nearly at this period, my brother, ignorant of what was passing at Paris, was seized with a disease which shortly hurried him to his grave. Amelia was yet weeping over his remains, when a visit made by the earl, (less

to condole with her on her father's loss, than to apologise for the rash step the viscount had taken,) put her in full possession of a fact too afflicting to be easily supported by a young creature unversed in the ways of men. It was no gratification to Amelia to be informed by the irritated peer that the viscount, by having in the whim of an unguarded moment espoused exalted beggary, was a ruined man. No consolation that savoured of revenge, could harbour in such a breast as Amelia's. I hastened hither, you may well suppose, to comfort the dear girl in her complicated distress, and unhappily remarked the fast encroachments of a disease which no medicine has power to arrest. But see she awakes."

"How do you find yourself, dear Miss?" asked nurse, "you have slept nearly an hour."—"I think somewhat refreshed," said the invalid. "Raise me,—let me recline on the bosom of my aunt."—"Look up, my love," said Mrs. Gertrude, as she kissed her hectic cheek; "observe how beautifully serene the river appears from that window. Mark that approaching vessel. We were fortunate in obtaining these charming lodgings. Come, survey, as in times past, the beauties of nature and the blessings that surround us with thankfulness and pleasure."

"Talk not of pleasure," said the invalid, in a faint hollow voice,—"speak of forgetfulness,—describe the darkness and oblivion of the friendly grave, whither I gladly hasten!"

"I shall not be able to refrain from scolding you Amelia," cried her aunt somewhat impetuously, "if you thus obstinately persist in encouraging your disease. Indeed, my dear, (in a sister tone) it almost amounts to ingratitude to miss the Giver of blessings. Consider yourself, wealthy as you are, to be the agent of Heaven, to dispense benefits on your poor fellow mortals. Surely in a tone somewhat harsh) you would not fly your post, and indolently and poorly sink into a premature grave for a worthless—Oh! where scarcely patience."

"Take, take the wealth you speak of! I regard it not!" cried Amelia, bursting into tears: "it is your's, my dear aunt! Perform the task you describe with such energy, but allow me the only consolation I seek,—to follow my indulgent father—to weep—to die and be forgotten!"

"How unlucky!" observed nurse. "This recollection of regrets, this storm of tears, will more than counteract the kindly effect of her slumbers!" At that instant, a female servant entering the apartment, a boy, about three years old, having followed unnoticed, rushed beside her, and observing that Miss Colville wept, ran towards her, and looking up with eyes most beautifully expressive, placed the toys he held in both his hands on her lap, saying, "Don't cry, Harry will give you his pretty horse."

Amelia cast a despairing glance on the child, yet could not avoid being struck by the engaging joy which beamed in his infantine countenance, and which, in the weakened state of her spirits, she erroneously fancied her and did not possess. "Sweet babe!" she sobbed, throwing her arm around him, and kissing his forehead, "compression from time cannot be feigned, and commiseration is, indeed, most acceptable to a breaking heart!" "Whose pretty little thing is this?" asked Mrs. Gertrude.

"He belongs," said the girl, "to Mrs. Harland, the mistress of the lodgings, and trots after me all over the house; I will presently take him away. Come Harry, indeed you must go."

Harry clung close to the knees of Amelia, whereon he had deposited his horse and whip. Her tears had dropped on his face; she now wiped them with her handkerchief, and giving him another kiss, extended her hand for some sweetmeats on the table, whilst nurse, through a nod from Mrs. Gertrude, lifted him on the sofa, and a similar motion to the servant, sent her out of the room without him.

It was long since Miss Colville had noticed any pleasing object. The singular beauty of the boy, particularly

the expression of his eyes, attracted her attention. She continued to gaze on him and insensibly ceased to weep. "This," she at length observed, "is certainly the sweetest child I have yet beheld. Are his parents happy?"

"They are happy in each other's affections," replied nurse.

Amelia sighed. "But," continued nurse, "they are unfortunate. The man at this moment is obliged to keep out of sight."

"For what?" asked Mrs. Gertrude. "His creditors," said nurse, "grow impatient. If discovered he will be lodged in a prison. They will take this house and furniture, and what will then become of poor Harry, his mother, and all his brothers and sisters, I know not."

"What is the man's employment?" enquired Mrs. Gertrude.—"A shipbuilder," replied nurse. "I am told, by unforeseen misfortunes, he is involved beyond the power of extricating himself."

"Enquire, dear madam," said Amelia, in a more cheerful accent, "what character the man bears. If deserving, we may assist him."

This Mrs Gertrude promised with a look of urbanity, and the entrance of the physician changed the conversation.

Little Harry, not liking the doctor's appearance, grasped Amelia's knees. She threw her arms around him, and with a fond smile assured him that Doctor Lids would not injure him; adding, "is not this a sweet child, doctor?" Surprised at observing she regarded any object with pleasure, the doctor did not fail to lavish encomiums on the boy's beauty, and proceeded to engage him in such gambols as suited his infantine years. Perceiving his patient to be somewhat amused, he, at parting, privately exhorted Mrs. Gertrude to encourage the child's visits to the apartment; and then departed with a dawn of hope that cheerfulness, the natural spring of health, might yet be restored to the bosom of the invalid.

(To be continued.)

NOT AT HOME.

"An Englishman's house in his castle."

"Not at home," said her Ladyship's footman, with the usual air of *nonchalance*, which says, "You know I am lying, but *n'importe!*"

"Not at home," I repeated to myself, as I sauntered from the door in a careless fit of abstracteeness. "Not at home!" how useful, how universally practised is this falsehood! Of what various, and what powerful import! Is there any one who has not been preserved from annoyance by its adoption? Is there any one who has not rejoiced, or grieved, or smiled, or sighed at the sound of "Not at home?" No! everybody (that is, everybody who has any pretentions to the stile of *somebody*) acknowledges the utility and advantages of these three little words. To them the lady of ton is indebted for the undisturbed enjoyment of her *vapours*; the philosopher, for the preservation of solitude and study; the spendthrift, for the repulse of the importunate dun.

It is true that the constant use of this sentence savours somewhat of a false French taste, which I hope never to see engrafted upon our true English feeling. But in this particular who will not excuse this imitation of our refined neighbours? Who will so far give up the enviable privilege of making his house his castle, as to throw open the gates upon the first summons of impositive impertinence of fashionable intrusion? The "morning calls" of the dun and the dandy, the belle and the bailiff, the poet and the petitioner, appear to us a species of open hostility carried on against our comfort and tranquillity; and, as all stratagems are fair in war, we find no fault with the ingenious device which fortifies us against these insidious attacks.

While I was engaged in this mental soliloquy, a carriage drove up to Lady Mortimer's door, and a footman in a most appallingly splendid livery, roused me from a reverie by a thundering knock. "Not at home!" was the

result of the application. Half a dozen cards were thrust from the window; and, after due inquiries after her Ladyship's cold, and her Ladyship's husband's cold, and her Ladyship's lap-dog's cold, the carriage resumed its course, and so did my cogitations. "What," said I to myself, "would have been the visitor's perplexity, if this brief formula were not in use?" She must have got out of her carriage; an exertion which would ill accord with the *vis inertiæ** (excuse Latin in a schoolboy) of a Lady; or she must have given up her intention of leaving her card at a dozen houses to which she is now hastening, or she must have gone to dinner even later than *fashionable* punctuality requires! —Equally annoying would the visit have proved to the Lady of the house. She might have been obliged to throw *The Abbot* into the drawer, or to call the children from the nursery. Is she taciturn? She might have been compelled to converse. Is she talkative? She might have been compelled to hold her tongue. Or, in all probability, she sees her friends to-night; and it would be hard indeed if she were not allowed to be "Not at home" till ten at night, when from that time she must be "At home" till three in the morning.

A knock again recalled me from my abstraction. Upon looking up I perceived an interesting youth listening with evident mortification to the "Not at home" of the porter. "Not at home!" he muttered to himself as he retired. "What am I to think? She has denied herself these three days!" and with a lover-like sigh he passed on his way. Here again what an invaluable talisman was found in "Not at home." The idol of his affections was perhaps at that moment receiving the incense of adoration from another, possibly a more favoured votary: perhaps she was balancing in the solitude of her boudoir, between the vicar's band and the captain's epaulettes; or weighing the merits of gout with a plum on the one side, against those of love with a shilling on the other. Or possibly she was sitting unprepared for conquest, unadorned by cosmetic and, wrapt up in dreams of to-night's assembly, where her face will owe the evening's unsuspected triumph to the assistance of the morning's "Not at home."

Another knock!—Another "Not at home!" A fat tradesman, with all the terrors of authorised impertinence written legibly on his forehead, was combating with pertinacious resolution the denial of a valet. "The captain's not at home," said the servant. "I saw him at the window," cried the other. "*I can't help that*," replied the laced Cerberus; he's not at home."

The foe was not easily repulsed, and seemed disposed to storm. I was in no little fear for the security of "the castle," but the siege was finally raised. The enemy retreated, sending forth from his half-closed teeth many threats, intermingled with frequent mention of a powerful ally in the person of Lawyer Shark. "Here," said I, resuming my meditations, "here is another instance of the utility of my theme. Without it, the noble spirit of this disciple of Mars would have been torn away from reflections on twenty pounders by a demand for twenty pounds; from his pride in the King's commission, by the dread of the King's Bench. Perhaps he is at this moment entranced in dreams of charges of horse and foot! He might have been roused by a charge for boots and shoes. In fancy he is at the head of serried columns of warriors! His eyes might have opened upon columns of shillings and pence. In fancy he is disposing crowns! Horrible thought! he might have been awakened to the recollection that he has not half a-crown in the world!"

I had now reached the door of a friend, whom, to say the truth, I designed to dun for an article. Coming in the capacity of a dun, I ought not to have been surprised that I experienced a dun's reception. Nevertheless I was a little nettled at the "Not

* Every one knows the gradations of visit, and visitation: *vis inertiæ*, therefore signifies an idle visit.

at home" of my old friend. "What," said I, recurring to my former ideas, "what can be Harry's occupation that he is thus inaccessible? Is he making love, or making verses? Studying *Euclid* or *The Sporting Magazine*? Meditating on the trial of the Queen last October, or the trial for King's next July?" For surely no light cause should induce one Etonian to be "Not at home" to another.

As is usual with persons in my situation, who are more accustomed to speculate upon trifles, from which no fixed principle can be deduced, I negatived the theory of one moment by the practice of the next. For having returned from my perambulations, I seated myself in my study, with pen, ink, and a sheet of foolscap before me; and finding myself once more "At home," enjoined the servant to remember that I was "Not at home," for the rest of the day.

STEAM, AND THE STRIDES IT IS MAKING.

To the Editor,

Sir,—An ingenious and speculating acquaintance of mine having lately put forth a project for propelling carriages by steam, I would beseech your attention to half a dozen observations upon the consequences likely to result from the success of such an undertaking. My friend, Sir, is a man of limited ambition; one who ne'er tied in air balloon

——" to stray,
"Far as the solar walk or milky way;"

and who would probably be content if he gained twenty or thirty thousand pounds by an invention, to which I look for a change in the very constitution of society. *Ut acta ad posse valet consequentia.* That my hopes for the future take some confirmation from the past, witness the state of our country at the very moment while I write: from that which has been accomplished since the close of the last century, judge of what may be expected by the beginning of the next. If the hour is not quite come when, according to the prediction of an old writer, men "call for their wings as familiarly as for their boots;" if the wandering Jew is not yet caged at Exeter Change, nor the perpetual motion applied to objects of practical utility; yet, surely, in other points we have been blest with success which may encourage us to hope even for the solution of those mysteries! Think of Logier's new plan for making musicians in batches; and look at the *pompons* in our hairdressers' shops! See the lights (hand in hand) of coke gas and of knowledge at once piercing the heads and the habitations of the poorer classes! Lemuel Gulliver, Mr. Editor, spoke more truth than he had credit for: the songs which charmed our childhood were first spoken in prophecy, "London-bridge," sang my nurse, "is broken down:" and, lo! London-bridge is going to be broken down! London-streets, says tradition, were once paved with gold; have we not recently been attempting to pave them with iron? What say our elders to the predicted intimacy (now realized) between the Grasshopper of the Royal Exchange and the Dragon of Bow steeple? Who shall scout the possibility of converting saw dust into planks, when we are raising marble pillars out of powder, and new blankets from old rags? Why should we not preserve sunbeams from July to December, when we already preserve ice from December to July? But why do I dwell upon projects like these, which a dash of my pen must reduce to insignificance for ever? What is turtle-soup bottled for the benefit of a fourth generation? What are men who eat words? What are pigs who talk languages? Such inventions as printing, gunpowder, and the compass, are alone fit to be classed with the new application of steam.

My friend's project, Mr. Editor, stands at present limited to waggons; but it must eventually, and I think rather rapidly, supersede every other

character of conveyance; and draught horses, except a few kept for the ice-carts in winter—(steam and ice might perhaps not entirely agree)—will be disused, past all question, throughout our dominions. I can imagine the surprise of an Englishman coming to London (from a tour in *Terra incognita*) in the year 1848. By that time the adoption of the new plan will be universal, and every description of wheel-carriage will be propelled by the aid of steam. What an interesting change will have taken place in the aspect and arrangements of the metropolis!

Fact, not horses, being the medium of impulse, the property of all public vehicles will naturally have changed hands; the Golden Cross, the Bull and Mouth, the Bolt in Tun, and the Cross Keys, will have ceased to exist; and the stage-coaches will be found setting off probably from the magazines of our leading coal merchants—from Old Barge House, Broken Wharf, Custom House Quay, and the dark arch under the Adelphi. Then the change in the detail of the road will seem very whimsical at first. Instead of calling (as now) for fresh horses at a post town, we shall have only to call for a fresh scuttle of coals: our coachmen (by the way, they must give up white hats will flourish huge pokers instead of long whips; a very steep hill, which would now require an extra pair of nags, will then be met with the assistance of an extra pair of bellows; and as no thief would touch a steam-coach for fear of burning his fingers, the guard, to prevent accidents, will carry a wet mop rather than a pistol. There would be some difficulties, no doubt, in the infancy of these arrangements. The turnpike acts, for instance, would, in most cases, be eluded; and the post horse duty would be likely to become unproductive. Impositions, however, as well as improvements, would take place as the system got on. Any smoke which proceeded from the furnace of the vehicle would, converted into gas-light, serve in time to direct its progress. The heat of the fire might perhaps be a little inconvenient in summer; but to outside travellers (especially) in winter it would be an advantage. And with respect to the possibility of an occasional blow up, there can be, I think, no doubt that, as soon as the scheme gets into practice, any one of the insurance companies, for a reasonable premium, will guarantee at per mile the lives of steam passengers; and such insurance might either be made matter of separate contract by the individual, or it might be done generally by the coach proprietor, and included in the fare.

And now I come, Mr. Editor, to a little project of my own, in which I venture to assure myself of your approbation and assistance. Why should the application of steam, as an impulse, be confined to wheel carriages? Why should not steam-horses—horses on wheels—be contrived? I do most devoutly believe, Mr. Editor, that the thing will happen. I do most confidently anticipate that a Sunday will arrive, when the spruce clerk in Rotten-row shall sport a palfrey (I mean literally of neither bone nor blood; when blacksmiths shall take the air upon "copper fillies" of their own creation, each quadruped, like Don Quixote's Clavileno, carrying flames and brimstone in his belly. Can any obstacle, I ask, be even stated to such a consummation? Would not such horses stand pre-eminent in metal as in fire? Would they not beat, as to bottom, the best hoofs of Arabia? They would eat nothing, drink nothing, and want very little grooming; their riders (now too liable to be smoked themselves) would then be in a situation to smoke every body else; their shying, biting, kicking, or taking fright, would be casualties of course no longer to be apprehended; and breaking, instead of being, as at present, a necessary ceremony, would, on the contrary, be a practice as much as possible to be deprecated.

My fancy, Mr. Editor, takes fire. A cloud of steam is rising before my eyes, through which groups of strange objects in perspective present themselves. I see these fiery barbs of my imagination—these *Pegasi*! for there

will be pegs in them petted, patronized, pampered. I hear of matches among *the fancy*—Steam against fame, and Steam the favourite. I shall read in time to come—and that in your very respectable miscellany—"Epsom Races—Second day—Sweepstakes of 50 guineas. For high pressure horses consuming their own smoke, to burn not more than a bushel of coals within the hour—one heat. Three horses started; Mr. Stokehole's *Explosion*, Mr. Ash's *Skyrocket*, and Mr. Coke's *Tinderbox*. The race was won with some difficulty by *Explosion*. *Skyrocket* blew up about one hundred yards from the winning post: the remains of his rider have not yet been found." Are not these things to harken to, Mr. Editor?—things worth hearing? And yet what are even these efforts to some which I anticipate? I see this invention (as yet in its childhood) rendering England, in future wars, triumphant above the world. As our frigates, in dead calms, shall run ten knots an hour against the ships of our enemies, so do I see the collected flower of all the cavalry in Europe flying disencumbered before steam chargers with British lancers upon their backs. I see more, Mr. Editor, even more than all this. I see fire horses constructed as we have seen fire ships! I see them freighted more formidably even than the famous horse of Troy!—or, rather, what was the horse of Troy but such a horse as I am talking of—hoed, allegorically, with living warriors; but in reality stuffed with bomb shells, petards, and Congreve rockets? I see a grim squadron of these cattle that I wot of. The firm earth rings beneath their brazen hoofs, and the blue arch of heaven is rent with their snortings! I see them dash forward in front of our English lines;—I see them thundering amidst the hostile ranks;—I see them making their way like mad bulls on a Monday;—I see—what do I see? Or what, rather, do I not see? I must bridle my imagination. I must leave to the slow but certain hand of time the further development of these great works that shall be; the world is not yet in a condition to comprehend them.

But a few sentences more, Mr. Editor, and I have done. The advantages which I have already opened as arising out of my friend's plan, are among the smallest of those which must follow its adoption. Dispensing with the necessity (except as Astley's) of *real* horses, what a mine of fresh subsistence do I not open to the human race. Millions of acres, now devoted to the growth of oats, will be laid down into wheat land, or employed in the cultivation of barley; until bread shall be sold at three farthings the pound; and the mere cheapness of malt shall tempt brewers to make their beer of it. Then the saving which will accrue at all points in the general cost of *locomotion!* What a relief will it be to apothecaries, professors of music, and of dancing, who now keep a carriage with one horse, to be enabled to keep one with no horse at all! Is it nothing to increase velocity and at the same time diminish the expense? Would it be a trifle to invent steam rackasses, and to render the Ill Treatment of Animals' Bill a dead letter? I have only, Mr. Editor, to add, that should you insert these expositions, I shall look confidently to Parliament for some acknowledgment of my endeavours; and as a plan once suggested is best tried as soon as possible, might not an attempt be made with mine in the next Royal progress?

DESERTION OF A CHIEF BY HIS CLAN.

The following instance of jealous though mistaken loyalty, is related in Col. Stewart's Highland Sketches:—

In the reign of King William, immediately after the Revolution, Lord Tullibardine, eldest son of the Marquis of Atholl, collected a numerous body of Athole Highlanders, together with three hundred Frasers, under the command of Hugh Lord Lovat, who had

married a daughter of the Marquis. These men believed that they were destined to support the abdicated king, but were, in reality, assembled to serve the government of William. When in front of Blair Castle, their real destination was disclosed to them by Lord Tullibardine. Instantly they rushed from their ranks, ran to the adjoining stream of Banovy, and, filling their bonnets with water, drank to the health of King James; and then, with colours flying, and pipes playing, "fifteen hundred of the men of Athole, as respectable for arms as any in the kingdom," put themselves under the command of the Laird of Ballechin, and marched off to join Lord Dundee, whose chivalrous bravery, and heroic and daring exploits, had excited their admiration more than those of any other warrior since the days of Montrose. They knew him not as the "Bloody Clavers" of the southern and western districts; on the contrary, he was always kind and condescending to the Highlanders. Soon after this defection, the battle of Killiecrankie, or of Bonrorie, as the Highlanders call it, was fought, when one of those incidents occurred which were too frequent in turbulent times. Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, with his clan, had joined Lord Dundee in the service of the abdicated king, while his second son, a captain in the Scotch Fusiliers, was under General Mackay on the side of government. As the General was observing the Highland army drawn up on the brow of a hill, a little above the house of Urrard, to the westward of the great pass, he turned round to young Cameron, who stood next him, and pointing to their enemies, "Here," said he, "is your father with his wild savages; how would you like to be with him?" "It signifies little," replied the other, "what I would like; but I recommend to you to be prepared, or perhaps my father and his wild savages may be nearer to you before night than you would like." And so it happened. Dundee delayed his attack "till," according to an eye-witness, "the sun's going down, when the Highlandmen advanced on us like madmen, without shoes or stockings, covering themselves from our fire with their targets. At last they cast away their muskets, drew their broadswords, and advanced furiously upon us, broke us, and obliged us to retreat; some fled to the water, some another way." In short the charge was like a torrent, and the route complete; but Dundee fell early in the attack. The consternation occasioned by the death of the General prevented an immediate pursuit through the great pass. If they had been closely followed, and if a few men had been placed at the southern entrance, not a man of the King's troops would have escaped. This uninterrupted retreat caused General Mackay to conclude, that some misfortune had befallen Lord Dundee. "Certainly," said he, "Dundee has been killed, or I could not thus be permitted to retreat."

THE EMBARKATION.

The morning was uncommonly fine, and an autumn sun had gilded over the foliage of the trees, and given to them tints never fading in my memory, which I had been accustomed to behold, in my youth, at the falls of the Clyde. There, after a shower, I used to admire the majesty of the scenery, greatly increased by the augmented body of the precipitated torrent, by the sonorous rush of the proud Clyde, and by the innumerable transparent gems which adorn hung on the drooping branches; whilst the ardent ray brightened to the highest possible degree the prospect, and reflected the prismatic colours in the waters; and the little warblers, shaking their feathered robes, emerged from their concealment, and distended their harmonious throats, as if to adore the God of Nature.

Loth to remain at home, with bricks and mortar, and stacks of chimnies, for my prospect, and the dissonant cries of the dustman and the harsher fisherwoman for my only music, I

quitted my apartment, and strolled down St. James's Park. The trees bore a rich variegated livery, and the grass had acquired a peculiarly grateful green from the freshening shower and highly glowing sun.

My eyes were soon attracted by the marching off of the guard, with drums, trumpets, colours flying, and all the other "pomp and circumstance of war." This, however, was all transient pageantry to me, for my attention was soon engrossed by another object.

As the colours were approaching, an aged Highlander, ill dressed, but preserving the natural bonnet, belted and fronted. He had nothing of the soldier about him but his air, but that undeniably proved that he had served his country.

At the moment when the colours passed, he lifted the bonnet from his head with reverential solemnity, and stood gracefully, though motionless, for awhile, his head erect, and his countenance expressing a mental elevation above the common race of men. When the royal standard had passed him, and had received his sincere and respectful salute, unconscious of being observed, he followed it, marching in ordinary time, and with his stick carried like a musket on his shoulder, until the colours were lodged. He then halted, looked wistfully, passed the palm of his hand across his forehead, exclaimed, "Heigh, heigh! I hae seen the day!" and moved on with dejected countenance and regretful step.

Though, all this time, the poor Highlander little thought that he was an object of attention, the eyes of hundreds were upon him.

The observer of nature admired him; and the fool laughed at him,—for "fools scoff at that for which sages have died." He was wholly unaffected by these different feelings; and as I attempted to speak to him, he gave me a look of contempt, doubled his pace, and escaped from me.

It would be out of place to offer any comment on this brief scene: every man of feeling will make his own. He who has fought and bled for his native land, will appreciate it well. I must confess that I was much more affected by the Highlander's exclamation, than by a corresponding one in Kean's representation of Othello; because the other was uttered by the actor of nature, the latter by the pupil of art. To me, the poor Highlander's

"Heigh! heigh! I hae seen the day,"

had more effect, and went more directly to the heart, than

"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

This circumstance very naturally led me to reflect on the many varied scenes of a soldier's life; and that of an embarkation first presented itself to my mind's eye. I have been a spectator of it repeatedly; and never without the liveliest interest, without an affectionate leaning towards those meritorious men who

"Have done the state some service;"

never without a conviction that the vulgar world knows not how to appreciate sufficiently the military character, who ought to have a home and a welcome wherever his countrymen dwell, which the immortal Burns claims for him in the language of nature, and in that of the heart:

"The brave, poor soldier ne'er disdain,
Nor treat him as a stranger,—
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger."

But to return to the embarkation. This is a more serious act in the drama of a soldier's life than the march; here time and tide, distance and danger, absence and hostile clime, are all before him; perils by land and sea, the bullet's lottery, and the chances of war press thickly around him; and when adverse circumstances do occur, it may be said of them, as of sorrows, in the language of our highly inspired bard Shakspeare,

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions."

The signal for sailing is made; *blue Peter* is at the mast-head; all further

delays are inadmissible; even those who are indulged with a last moment must now embark:—the bustle previous to this is now at an end; and an awful silence succeeds to the neighing of steeds, to the ringing of arms and of spurs, to the "thought drowning" rattle of the drum, the loud shrill clarion, and the warning bugle. Those who are embarked, crowd the deck and look their last at wives and sweethearts, parents, relations, and friends. You may see in the young soldier two distinct expressions, stifled tenderness and struggling manhood; or a momentary vacuity proceeding from a

"——blindness to the future kindly given." *Pope.*

The expression of the seasoned veteran's face is only *gravity*. But how often have I read, in the sun-burnt countenance of the experienced warrior, the language which proved to me that

"O'er his dark mind, the light of years gone by,
"Gleamed like the meteors of a northern sky."

Now the 1st boats put off to the transport, and the interest and incidents thicken together. Here a tender adieu is taken, in the style of our prefatory lines; there mute affliction sits on a husband's brow; the silence of a hero in the last boat, wrapped in his horse-cloak, speaks a volume; whilst yon female statue on the water's brink, motionless for a time, and rivetted to the spot, needs no narrative to picture her despair. The chilly coldness of agony has succeeded to the feverish conflict of hope and fear:

"*Her* heart grew cold, it felt not then,
When will it cease to feel again?
Montgomery.

Hands and handkerchiefs are now waved on each side. Children (alas! perhaps doomed shortly to be fatherless) are held up to the diminishing view of the authors of their days. Tears and prayers are traced in looks and sighs, till distance and darkness throw a mantle over the whole scene.

But here again the national characteristics are clearly discernible. "Sorrow, pray carry that parcel to the lady whom you see there on the pier," cries a youthful English lover, as he steps on a ship's deck, with an air of assuming ease deeply tinged with melancholy. "Poor Emily!" scarcely whispers to himself a guard Exquisite, whilst he takes a peep at a miniature hidden in his bosom. Donald looks important: it is to cheat his feelings of their tenderness; see him walk the deck with great stateliness, but he is whistling

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot;"

and his notes are in a subdued tone. "Blood and ——s!" cries Pat, in a fierce manner to a neighbouring soldier, "can't you sit steady in the boat? and be ——to you?" But why is all this blustering? The milk of human kindness is overflowing in his system, and he must dragoon it down; for he has a lacerated corner in his heart, and the rising of his comrade, in order to keep in view a well known object left behind, is too much for his sensibility, and even whiskey is not now at hand, to come to his aid against the foe of his peace.

Such is an embarkation; and thus does all powerful nature speak in different languages. The fine feelings are delicately expressed, but truth will be out. The cold unfeeling clay clod, lolling in his equipage, or drawling about in idleness on the spot, may witness such an event with a dull, indifferent eye, may confine his remarks to "A d——d fine regiment that which embarked last;" or, "a d——d fine girl that, with the light-hob in green facings, crying her pretty black eyes out!" Such a one may crack his joke on broken hearts and broken vows,—may be witty about madame maudens, and unpaid bills—but heartless must such an animal seem to a true Briton, fond of his fellow-men, proud of the honour of his King, and alive to the renown of his army. The sight of an embarkation is no common spectacle, nor one the effect of which will easily be forgotten by those whose hearts are like that of

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

VARIETIES.

Anecdote of Bishop Hough.—Dr. Nash has left us a beautiful trait of the great good humour and unruffled temper of the Bishop, which displayed itself in a striking manner on the accidental destruction of a favourite barometer by one of his visitors:—the notice he took of the matter was confined to this simple observation: "Do not be uneasy, Sir; I have observed this glass almost daily for upwards of seventy years, but I never saw it so low before."

The late Professor Porson.—We have seldom read a better-told story, to say the least of it, than the following. As to the *facts* of it, we can only say that the statement rests on the authority of the Rev. Author of "Lacon," whence it is extracted:—

Porson was once travelling in a stage-coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too! roused our slumbering professor from a kind of dog-sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, I think, young gentleman, said he, you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there. "Oh, Sir," replied our tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too; but I suspect, Sir, it is some time since *you* were at college." The professor applying his hand to his great-coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he could be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, "upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." "Then perhaps, Sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." The young Oxonian returned again to his task, but with no better success, muttering however to himself, "*curse me if ever I quote Greek again in a Coach.*" The tittering of the ladies informed him that he was got into a hobble. At last, "Bless me, Sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now, yes, yes, I perfectly remember, that the passage is in Æschylus." The inexorable professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished Freshman vociferated, "Stop the coach—holloah, coachman, let me out I say, instantly—let me out! there's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket; let me out, I say—let me out; he must be Porson, or the Devil."

POETRY.

THE SHEPHERD'S DREAM; OR, FAIRIES' MASQUERADE.

From Bloomfield's "May-Day with the Muses."

"I had folded my flock, and my heart was o'erflowing,
I loiter'd beside the small lake on the heath;
The red sun, though down, left his drapery glowing,
And no sound was stirring, I heard not a breath;
I sat on the turf, but I meant not to sleep,
And gazed o'er that lake which for ever is new,
Where clouds over clouds appear'd anxious to peep
From this bright double sky with its pearl and its blue.

Forgetfulness rather than slumber it seem'd,
When in infinite thousands the fairies arose

All over the heath, and their tiny crests gleam'd
In mock'ry of soldiers, our friends and our foes.
There a stripling went forth, half a finger's length high
And led a huge host to the north with a dash;
Silver birds upon poles went before their wild cry,
While the monarch look'd forward, adjusting his sash.

Soon after a terrible bonfire was seen,
The dwellings of fairies went down in their ire,
But from all I remember, I never could glean
Why the woodstack was burnt, or who set it on fire.
The flames seem'd to rise o'er a deluge of snow,
That buried its thousands,—the rest ran away;
For the hero had here overstrain'd his long bow,
Yet he honestly own'd the mishap of the day.

Then the fays of the north like a hail storm came on,
And follow'd him down to the lake in a riot,
Where they found a large stone which they fix'd him upon,
And threaten'd and cow'd him, and bade him be quiet.
He that conquer'd them all, was to conquer no more,
But the million beheld he could conquer alone;
And resting awhile, he leap'd boldly on shore,
And away ran a fay that had mounted his throne.

'Twas pleasant to see how they stared, how they scamper'd,
By furze-bush, by fern, by no obstacle stay'd,
And the few that fell bounced, were terribly hamper'd,
For some were vindictive, and some were afraid.
I saw them were dressed in a masquerade train,
Colour'd rags upon sticks they all brandish'd in view,
And of such idle things they seem'd mightily vain,
Though they nothing display'd but a bird-splint in two.

Then out rush'd the stripling in battle array,
And both sides determined to fight and to maul;
Death rattled his jaw-bones to see such a fray,
And glory personified laugh'd at them all.
Here he fail'd,—hence he fled, with a few for his sake,
And leap'd into a cockle shell floating hard by;
It sail'd to an isle in the midst of the lake,
Where they mock'd fallen greatness, and left him to die.

Meanwhile the north fairies stood round in a ring,
Supporting his rival on guns and on spears,
Who, though not a soldier, was rob'd like a king;
Yet some were exulting, and some were in tears.
A lily triumphantly floating above,
The crowd press'd, and wrangling was heard through the whole;
Some soldiers look'd surly, some citizens strove
To hoist the old nightcap on liberty's pole.

But methought in my dream some bewail'd him that fell,
And liked not his victors so gallant, so clever,
'Till a fairy stepp'd forward, and blew through a shell,
'Bear misfortune with firmness, you'll triumph for ever.'
I woke at the sound, all in silence, alone,
The moorhens were floating like specks on a glass,
The dun clouds were spreading, the vision was gone,
And my dog scamper'd round 'midst the dew on the grass.

I took up my staff as a knight would his lance,
And said, 'Here's my sceptre, my baton, my spear,
And there's my prime minister far in advance,
Who serves me with truth for his fool by the year.'
So I slept without care 'till the dawn of the day,
Then trimmed up my woodbines that whistled amain;
My minister heard as he bounded away,
And we led forth our sheep to their pasture again."